

The TRUTH's come out at Last:

OR, THE

225

Downfall of a Great Favourite.

Tune of, O brave Popery.

Enter'd according to Order.



THe Truth is come out, and begins to be known;
He that was in Favour makes sorrowful moan,
Now quite out of Favour, alas! he is thrown:
*O the Favourite! Now the great Favourite
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

He always was valiant to Conquer and Slay,
And all the while cheating the Men of their Pay,
Yet nevertheless they were forc'd to Obey:
*But the Favourite, now the great Favourite
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

When ever we took a great City or Town,
The tribute that should have been paid to the crown,
He kept to himself, now this makes him to frown:
*O the Favourite! Now the great Favourite
Is clearly thrown out of all:*

Now he that encreased in Honour so fast,
All's knockt out of Joynt, & here comes a great blast:
Oh! what is become of his Honour at last?
*Now the Favourite, O the great Favourite!
Is clearly thrown out of all,*

He high in the Favour of Britain did stand,
He thought to have been the Support of the Land;
He must play the cheat so, tho' he bore such command:
*Now the Favourite, &c.
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

His Forces to Battle in Field he wou'd lead,
or which to great Honour he much did proceed,
Fow this proves a Blotch in his 'Scutcheon i' deed:
*Now the Favourite, &c.
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

He has held our Nation long time by the Nose;
An honest true Subject we did him suppose;
By playing the Cheat, all his Friends are his Foes:
*Now the Favourite, &c.
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

He that still encreased in Honour so brave,
Could not be contented, but must play the Knave;
And other Mens Rights for himself he would save:
*Now the Favourite, &c.
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

How cou'd we expect that a Peace we shou'd have,
While we had a Subject still playing the Knave;
Now to other Men his Commillion they gave:
*Now the Favourite, &c.
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

His Wife at the first wou'd have treacherous play'd;
But quickly we kick'd out this treacherous Jade,
And he was beginning to drive the same Trade:
*Now the Favourites, O the great Favourites!
Are both turn'd out of all.*

Tho' Britain has long time been wrong'd of its right,
Their treacherous Deeds are now coming to light;
The Devil he for them has got the most right:
*Now the Favourite, &c.
Is clearly thrown out of all.*

Now God bless the Qu'en, and our good Parliament
That we may continue in Peace and Content,
For those that are treacherous to the Government,
*Seeking to Ruin us; utterly Ruin us,
- Jack Resch get hold of 'em all.*

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